S^t. LEONARD'S HILL.

A Poem.

Written by *R. F.* K Gent.

Licensed, *May* the 14th. 1666.
Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON, Printed for *John Simms*, at the Cross-keyes in *Cornhil*, near the Royal Exchange. 1666.

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WHat if *Apollo* and the Muſes now, (brow?
Should with an angry nod, and frowning
Chide me, for boldly thus daring to write
Before they gave me leave, or did invite
To taſte of *Hellicons* inſpiring ſtreams,
Although perhaps not half ſo clear as *Thames*:
Or cauſe I put not on conſidering Cap,
And upon their *Parnaſſus* took a nap:
Faith let *Apollo* and his Wenches know it,
I ne're ambitious was to be a Poet;
Yet without their good leave, I'le Verſes make,
And from a Nobler Hill my Riſe I'le take,
Viewing theſe Aiery Land-skips as I flye,
More bounded in my Fancy than mine Eye:
VVell may I then great Hill, thy praiſe rehearſe,
Since you alone give life unto my Verſe;
Come hither all ye Mortals, that would be
Bleſt with a taſte of Heavens felicity;
Come, I'le conduct you to that mount above,
Where you will finde that ſhall deſerve your love.

Clewerth Green.

And as we go, let's view this Rural Green,
Here true content with Poverty are ſeen;
Here little Lambs after their Mothers bleat,
Until their mouths are ſtopped with the Teat;
Young Colts are here, with droves of Heyfers bred,
Making this Green, their Paſture and their Bed;
Here with her Gulls the reverend Brood-Gooſe walks
And old Sir Gander to the young ones talks;
Here a ſmall Farm, there doth a Cottage ſtand,
To which the Owner joyns a little Land,
Where he doth plant young Trees, and if they grow
To bear good Fruit, the Gods cannot beſtow
On him or His, a greater bleſſing thinks, (drinks,
And chearfully a good health to his Neighbour
Living more happy under his thatch't Roof,
Than they, whoſe ſplendid Buildings ſtand a loof;
For in this poor and ſolitary Cell,
Sound health and harmleſs peace together dwell;
VVhich bleſſings are moſt commonly deny'd
To Great Mens houſes, fill'd with luſt and pride.
Here with the Lamb they cloſe their ſlumbring eyes,
And early with the Lark again they riſe
Unto their Rural labours; thus they live
Content, though poor, with what the Fates do give;
And when at laſt Death doth his ſummons ſend,
Not ſickneſs, but old age does make them bend.

Now

Now whilſt I'me ſpeaking, look the Old man peeps,
Let's enter in and ſee what houſe he keeps.
Going then in, he ſoon doth us eſpy,
And pulling off his Hat, a loud doth cry, *Old Pain*
My Maſters all, ye are welcome, pray draw near,
Sit down and drink, for I have Ale and Beer,
And ſweet Metheglin that's both blithe and bonny,
Made of the Beſt and pureſt Virgin-Hony;
Or would you Syder drink, or good old Perry?
Your noſe 'twill tickle, and your heart make merry:
Old Mother grief ſate by the Smoaky Hearth,
Holding a brown Toaſt to the burning Turff;
Then ſighing o're a pot of Ale, anon
Her Sorrow for to break, ſhe thus began;
O Gentlemen! my daies are almoſt done,
My Sun's neer ſet, and I my race have run.
Cheer up thy heart Old woman, do not cry,
Should innocency be afraid to dye?
Alas I weep, becauſe Death comes not yet,
He to my miſery would a period ſet:
Mourn all ye Lovers, when ſo e're ſhe dies,
Of Cuſtards, Cheeſe-cakes, and hot Pudding pies;
For to your ſorrow, you will quickly finde,
Her fellow ſhe can never leave behinde.
Now of each Liquor having had a taſte,
He leads us to his little Plot at laſt;

And

And ſhew'd us how each tender Plant did grow
In rank and file, and he their names doth know;
Old goodman Pain his Nurſery. Firſt ſtands a file of Pippins, next to thoſe,
Deep ranks of Codlins, and John Apples grows;
Here are Paremains, with Gilliflowers good ſtore,
Which I have quite forgot, with many more;
And here are Pears, the beſt that e're were eat,
The Catherin red, and jucy Burgomat,
And the well-colour'd Marget, with the green
Sweet Cheeſil, here in plenty may be ſeen:
But good Old Doctor, prethee tell me now,
What lovely Pear is that on yonder Bow,
For 'tis a Fruit I have not ſeen before?
That's all I have Sir, but I hope for more;
'Twill make your mouth to water when 'tis nam'd;
To tell us then, I hope you're not aſham'd?
No truly Maſter, I'le be plain and Bold,
'Tis call'd my Ladies Buttock, I am told:
Now Husband you are wanton, pray Wife why?
Here's my young Maſter knows as well as I,
And better too, that 'tis it's proper Name,
A pleaſant fruit, and now in greateſt fame.
But here's the *Windſor* Pear, which I dare ſay,
Deſerves from all to bear the Bell away:
All ſorts of Plums are here, and Quinces fair,
And Apricocks that moſt beloved are;

Here's

Here's *Flemiſh* Cherries, here are *Spaniſh* Vines,
With Peaches ſweet, and *Roman* Nectarines;
Here's the Bonchretien, and the Bingfill too,
With other Fruits not to be reckoned now.
Then what reward, pray tell me, can there be
Too great, for this Mans active induſtry?
Who with his Labour and his old blunt Spade,
In Barren ground ſuch Nurſeries hath made.
Having this plain and pleaſant Green o're paſt,
The great Hills top now we have reach't at laſt; *St. Leonard's Hill.*
Nor are we far from Old St. *Leonard*'s Cave,
Whoſe pious life the Name of this place gave;
And now look down upon the world below,
Then ſee how faint and little all things ſhow;
Look a far off, where that great City ſtands, *London.*
Who by it's riches all the world commands;
And whoſe great Ships, bring Spices from the Eaſt
To enrich our Land, and Ingots from the Weſt;
Whoſe Noble Buildings ſtand in every ſtreet,
Where ſwarms and ſhoales of people daily meet,
Thronging ſo thick together as they go,
That they do one another overthrow;
And all in haſte ſo full of Buſineſs move,
To little purpoſe though it often prove;
Some ſtrive to gain, others conſume as faſt, (waſte,
What the Old Sire gain'd, his young heir turns to

L.

A lively Emblem of this populous Crowd,
How often have I seen? my Self to shrowd
From scorching Beams, when I have Musing stood,
Under a spreading Beech in shady Wood;
For I have seen great heaps of Emmets there,
Who in such numerous Crowds so stirring were,
And all so busie, that a man would say,
Their Work was by the Great, not by the Day;
Some loaded this way, others that way went,
Some were for Straw, and some for Timber sent;
Here in a broad High way, which they had made,
For fear that Robbers should their Wealth invade,
They seem'd with Guards of Carravans to go,
And boldly Marching, did not fear the Foe:
But with my foot, how many have I kill'd,
And in a moment, all that they did build
Have quite thrown down, and taken all their spoil,
Which they had purchased with so much toyle:
And with such care and industry did gain,
Their Commonwealth in Winter to maintain:
Poor Souls forgive me, I do now repent,
Your Actions I confess were Innocent;
I wish that I could say, our Lives were so,
And that our Actions did less Guilty show:
Then looking up to Heaven from the Ground,
Thus would I say, he might us all confound

In

In leſs than moments time, who ſits above,
Were not his Mighty power control'd by Love;
But if provok'd by Sinners, he doth ſhow
That power, although in Anger he is ſlow,
He makes whole Nations then ſubmit to Fate,
Leaving their greateſt Cities deſolate,
Either by Famine, Sword, or Peſtilence,
The dreadful Inſtruments of his Vengeance;
And if it were not for his Goodneſs ſake,
He would in peeces that proud City ſhake;
For there are all Varieties of Sin,
Some raign without the Walls, and ſome within;
And though that true Religion preach them down,
Yet ſhe could never drive them out of Town:
There Vice and Virtue, in extreams are ſet,
There Atheiſm and true Piety are met.
There cries and horrid noiſe your Temples tear,
And there ſoft Muſick ſweetly Charms your Ear:
All this great Heap, then let your Eyes run over,
Nothing but Smoak and Duſt you will diſcover,
Which the wind drives away, I know not whither.
O come *Democritus*, let's laugh together:
Only old *Pauls* ſometimes his Bald-Pate ſhows,
Hoping thoſe deep wounds, and thoſe deadly blows,
Which our New Sanctity to his Old ſides gave,
Will all be cur'd, and he preſerv'd from Grave;

And ſtand a glorious Monument again,
Of *Charles* the Great, and's Second happy Reign,
And to ſucceeding Ages, ſhall declare
VVhat Rebels did pull down, King *Charles* did rear.
Now this Way turn, and ſee through yonder glade,
VVhat Reformation our late Saints have made
The great Park. In that Great Park, whoſe Trees are all cut down,
By the ſame Powers that trampl'd on the Crown:
And which did then o'rethrow our Church & State,
Theſe innocent Trees endur'd the ſame hard fate.
There ſtood that Old and ſtately Royal Oak,
VVho for five hundred years, endur'd the ſtroak
Of Times ſharp teeth, but Zeal more ſharp did ſay,
To my dear Sons it now muſt fall a Prey.
Down with it Root and Branch, a Zealot cries,
As that Malignant falls, the Saints ſhall riſe;
Down with them all, and thoſe on t'other ſide,
Th'are in our way, and do Heavens proſpect hide:
Could you no other way to Heaven finde,
Deceitful Hypocrites, and Leaders blinde,
But through forbidden Paths, and unjuſt waies,
VVhich were not known in our fore-fathers daies?
Surely quoth Zeal, we have the wicked vext,
By opening a dark place to clear the Text:
The Text is clear indeed, and ye have found,
VVhoſe Fate is to be Hang'd, ſhall not be Drown'd.

But

But would you now thoſe Royal Manſions ſee,
Built only for the Seat of Majeſty,
VVhere Art and Nature, like two Rivals ſtrove,
Which of them bothſhould ſhew their greateſt love.
View that high Caſtle, and the Church behold, *Windſor Caſtle.*
VVhich doth St. *George* for her great Patron hold;
How like an Empreſs ſhe alone Commands
The Lower Vallies, and the adjoyning Lands;
View well her battlements and her towers agen,
To ſatisfie my doubt, pray tell me then (blow
VVhat a ſtrong breath the Rump had? that could
Down to the ground, that Church and Caſtle too;
And with one Vote they both had tumbled down,
Following the Fate of Scepter and of Crown;
To the great ſhame of our unhappy Age,
Had not good Providence ſtopt their damned rage.
Now may your ſtately Towers ſecurely ſtand,
Nor dread the fury of a Rebels hand.
Now may your Sacred and Harmonious Quire,
Te Deum ſing, and ſo with praiſe admire
How Providence preſerv'd you from thoſe Men,
Of wicked theeves, who made Gods houſe a Den.
But on the day that Martyr'd *Charles* did Dye,
Let all in Sorrow kneel or proſtrate lye;
Then let no Organ play, or Muſick riſe,
But from a Contrite Heart, and VVeeping Eyes:

And passing over his cold Vault, let all
Tread softly, and a Tear or two let fall;
But Heavens forbid, that e're you should again,
Become a Prison to your Soveraign;
Though once it was your glory, not your shame,
When two great Kings of famous Name,
King John of France, & David King of Scotland Were made your Prisoners in a narrow Room,
And from the Conquerour did attend their doom;
Then *English* Valour to it's heighth was come,
Victory they had abroad, and peace at home;
And then their naked swords, they did not show
Against their Soveraign, but the common Foe.
Then was that Noble Azure Garter found,
So much by Ours, and Forraign Kings Renown'd,
Who with Ambition strove to be instal'd,
And Knights of that Heroick Order call'd:
And without boasting, I may boldly say,
Since the first institution to this day,
More famous Men the world hath never seen,
Than they, who in succeeding times have been
Companions of that Sacred Order made;
Whose Names shall live, though their cold Ashes fade:
Whether 'twere Honour, or the power of Love
Edward the 3d. That did thy royal Heart, Great *Edward*, move,
This Noble Order for to Institute,
Let Learned Men, and Graver Heads dispute:

I for my part, do eaſily ſuppoſe,
That both thy Genius did alike diſpoſe;
And if 'twere Honour that deviſ'd the Plot,
I do beleeve 'twas Love that ty'd the Knot;
But whatſoe're it 'twas, this we do know,
Nothing but Great, could from thy Greatneſs flow;
And by thy Proweſs, *Erance* I me ſure did finde,
Great was thy Sword, but greater was thy Minde;
Which to their terrour ſuch vaſt wonders did,
As can no more than the Sun's Beams be hid;
Nor ſhall the Deeds of thy brave Off-ſpring dye,
VVhil'ſt time doth laſt, or name of Victory;
He ſurely fell, who with thee did contend,
Black to thy Foe, but lovely to thy Friend:
Had'ſt thou the Age of thy Old Father ſeen,
King of all Nations, doubtleſs thou hadſt been;
But Fate did think, which all things does controle,
This world too little was for thy great Soul;
Nor do we wonder that thou ſhouldſt be ſo,
Becauſe the Stock from whence you came, we know
Bellona was thy Mother, *Mars* thy Sire;
VVho can derive himſelf from Parents higher?
The next great thing that to your Eye appears,
Is the beſt Nurſery, to tender years,
Of Piety and Learning, which our Land can ſhow
Bleſt is that Holy King who made it ſo;

Edward the black Prince.

Eaton Colledge founded by Henry the ſixth.

Nor

Nor did his Royal Goodneſs, only there
In Acts of Grace and Piety appear.
Kings Colledge & Chappel. For he at *Cambridge* alſo did erect
Another Monument, whoſe Architect
The Name doth ſhow, if not to his great praiſe,
The Stones would ſay, a King this Roof did raiſe:
Thither her hopeful Youth doth *Æton* ſend,
To advance in Learning, and their knowledge mend
And raiſed by degrees, themſelves tranſlate
Fit Inſtruments, for the Church, or for the State:
So we from Nurſeries, do young Plants remove
To better Soyle, when they are grown above
Their Fellows heads, and proudly do aſpire
To raiſe themſelves, yet many ſtories higher.
And though the *Britiſh* Propheſies of Old,
That *Harry* born at *Windſor* have fore-told
Should loſe, what *Monmouth Harry* did obtain,
And with ſuch perſonal Valour bravely gain:
Yet he hath left, though frowning was his Fate,
And wicked Rebels ſhew'd their curſed hate,
More acts of Piety, and of Bounty too,
Than all ſucceeding Kings did ever do.

Now let your Eye turn round and look about,
To view thoſe towns and places more remote:
Here ſtands a Church, and there a Noble Seat,
VVhich to a nearer Eye ſeems very great;

Yet

Yet than a Houſe to us it ſeems more ſmall,
Which Children make with Cards to play withall;
But if you were within it, you ſhould ſee
That, which to knowing Eyes would grateful be;
And what from other Objects would invite,
The ſole and whole imployment of your ſight.
So that I'me confident you would be glad,
To have as many Eyes as *Argus* had.
For the beſt Paintings, there you might behold,
Some done by Modern Maſters, ſome by Old;
But I do think that hardly 'twill be ſaid,
Whether they were by Art or Nature made:
And if to View rare Sculptures you deſire,
There you may fam'd *Bernino's* Art admire:
There you may ſee thoſe Heads which did Command
The world, on Pedeſtals in cold Marble ſtand:
There you may tell proud *Nero* to his face,
That he a Monſter was, and *Romes* diſgrace;
And pull him by the Noſe too, he can't bite,
Nor living, could like a true *Roman* fight.
There wanton *Otho* you may play withall,
And fat *Vitellius* beaſtly Drunkard call.
There's great *Auguſtus* too, with his fair Wife,
Done all exactly well unto the life.
Yet you may ſpeak to them, and never fear,
For I'le aſſure you this, they cannot hear.

Sr. Robert Gayers *houſe at* Stoke.

There also good Old *Seneca* you may see,
The Monument of *Nero*'s cruelty;
And many other things most rarely wrought,
VVhich the brave Owner in his travels bought;
Sparing no cost to purchase what was good,
Such from the Bad, he easily understood;
And only did Collect those things of worth,
VVhich the best towns of *Italy* then brought forth;
Not like to those who only do intend,
In viewing that fair Land, their wealth to spend
On vice and folly, not in vertuous deeds,
For in that garden there are many weeds,
VVhich they for flowers gather, but despise
That which a vertuous Minde would highly prize;
And after all their travels, only know (grow.
VVhere the best coloured Whores and Mellons
The river Thames. And now look nearer on those silver Streams,
How they run playing with bright *Phœbus* Beams,
And in *Meanders* cunningly do glide,
To meet the Over-flowing swelling Tide:
See how the Loaded Vessels swiftly Sail,
With a strong Current, and a Western Gale;
Whil'st the broad shoulderd Bargemen sit & laugh,
And unto *Æolus* in full Measures Quaff:
Well Friends, when you return against the Stream,
You'l sing another Note, and change your Theam;

I fear your Mirth will prove but then Gee, Hoe,
When your great worſhips muſt like Horſes towe;
Hear now what I ſhall tell you, one thing mend,
What ſo you get, do not like Aſſes ſpend.
You that in Angling do your ſelves delight,
Either in the time of Day, or ſilent Night,
And with a *Stoick*'s Patience can ſit ſtill,
To watch the motion of your floating Quill:
There you may finde all ſorts of River Fiſh,
As good as tongue ere try'd, or heart could wiſh;
There is the Sprat-like Bleek, the Gudgeon, Dace,
And ſpeckled Trout, that will to none give place;
There is the dainty Perch, belov'd of all,
Which ſome the Partridge of the River call;
There's the red Salmon too, both good and great,
And Carps, fit only for great Kings to eat;
There's Roches, Chubbs, and Barbels, in great ſtore;
Large Eeles, and Flownders too, with many more,
Which to the Hook by ſeveral Baits are brought,
And by the cunning Angler ſlily caught.
So have I ſeen a young and prodigal Heir,
Catch't in the toyle of Old-craft Uſurer;
And as the Angler, firſt with worms does feed
The ſilly Fiſh, before he makes them bleed,
And they expecting more, at laſt are took
By a fair Bait, that hides the fatal Hook:

So Old-craft, doth by tempting Baits allure
Young Hopeleſs, and in fine, to make him ſure,
His wanton Appetite with Gold he fills,
Then on the ſuddain ſtrikes him by the Gills,
And faſt in Bonds he keeps him at Command,
Until he worms him out of all his Land.
But though this River now does kindely move
Like noble Souls, not by conſtraint, but Love;
Yet when the Floods do riſe, it knows no bounds,
But is a treſpaſſer on all mens grounds;
And like a raging Sea, o're runs the Plains,
Spoyling the ſpringing Corn, and Plowmans pains:
So when above their bounds, the People riſe,
Laws both of God and Men they ſoon deſpiſe;
And like an Inundation overflow
Their Princes Power, nor will Allegiance owe,
Until within their Banks they are confin'd,
And re-aſſume a Loyal Subjects minde.
But from theſe lower Vallies turn your Eye,
And let us to the walks of pleaſure flye;
Where Innocence and Beauty, both unite
To court the Soul with raviſhing delight.

The Walks & Glades on St. Leonard's Hill.

Here be the *Arcadian* Plains, here be the Groves,
Where Swains and Shepherds, uſe to meet their Loves:
Here are the walks where *Amarillis* fair
Her Flocks does feed, and thoſe *Dorinda*'s are

His

His Flocks; on this ſide doth *Mertillo* keep,
Thoſe on the left hand are bold *Silvio*'s Sheep;
The next to theſe are thoſe delightful Lawns,
Now free from *Satyres*, and ſecure from Fawns.
Here are the Stags, and Heards of Fallow Deer,
Which for the Royal Game preſerved are.
Not far from hence a mighty Deer did keep
His ſhady walks, and whil'ſt his Foes did ſleep,
In ſilence of the Night ſecurely fed:
Prince of a numerous Heard, and Soveraign Head;
Proud of himſelf, all others did diſdain;
Yet e're the Sun once more ſhould ſet again,
That his proud Head ſhould fall, it was decreed,
And by a fatal Knife his throat muſt Bleed:
Therefore ſo ſoon as the all-ſeeing Sun,
His Courſe in t'other Hæmiſphere had run,
And did begin the Mountain tops to gild,
The Huntſmen they were riſen, and had fill'd
With loud Alarms, from their deep ſounding Horns,
The Hills and Vallies, with the neighbouring borns;
Unwelcome News unto the Lodging Heard,
But moſt of all the great Ones were afear'd;
For they by ſad experience often try,
Greatneſs, which ſhould protect them, makes them dye,
And dying, fall with mournfull weeping Eyes,
To cruel men, a bleeding Sacrifice.

The Hunting of the Stag.

Whil'ſt that the ſmaller Ones, and Raſcal Deer,
Need not the Woodmans Knife, or Arrows fear.
All now being ready for the Royal Game,
His Majeſty with many Nobles came
Well mounted like to *Perſeus*, all did ride
When he his winged Courſer did beſtride:
And ſcarce their Horſes feet the ground did feel,
As if that they had wings to every Heel;
And champing on the Snaffle, would not ſtay
With patience, or their Riders well Obey;
But e're the Chaſe be done, perhaps they'l finde
One that will cool their mettle, try their winde;
Here is he Lodg'd, a ſtout Old Wood-man cry'd,
Who midſt the thickeſt Brakes, the Deer had ſpy'd;
The Stag was rouz'd, and bounding nimbly leaps,
As over waves, a well built Pinnace skips;
The Dogs and Men in full cry purſue,
Forcing the Deer to bid the woods adieu;
Now having left his walks, and pleaſant woods,
Sometimes he ſeeks the plains, and then the floods;
And leads the Hunters ſuch a Forreſt Dance,
As made their Courſers quite forget to prance.
There might you ſee the Brown, and bonny Bay,
In their own white and reeking Foam, turn Grey;
And Dapple Grey, with his own blood beſmear'd,
More like a Brown, or Bonny Bay appear'd;

Here lies a dying Horſe, and there hard by
Doth, with a broken Arm, his Rider lye:
Long was the Chaſe, and the Old Stag would fain
Have come into his Native woods again;
But now, alas, his ſtrength and ſpirits fail,
Nor could the beſt breath'd Dog ſcarce wag his tail,
Panting for breath and life, the Stag then ſtood
Againſt a tree, and did his ground make good,
Keeping the Dogs at bay, at laſt he cry'd,
To Fate I bow my head, and weeping dy'd.
But whil'ſt his Breath did laſt, he made a Will,
Which his Executors ſaid they would fulfil.
Imprimis, write, I freely do diſpoſe
My Sides, and both my Haunches unto thoſe,
Who know beſt how to ſeaſon them in Paſt,
And can good Veniſon, from Ram-Mutton taſte:
My Head and Horns, I give to Men o' the Gown,
The Major and Aldermen of *Windſor* town;
That they by Charter may, or Proclamation,
Make them the Enſigns of their Corporation:
My Ears I give to thoſe, in Heart ſo pure,
That by no means Church Muſick can endure;
And I deſire, what cannot now be writ,
Let my Executors give as they think fit;
And my Executors, I would have to be,
Thoſe honeſt keepers in Green Livery:

Laſtly,

Laſtly, becauſe I ſee my end draws nigh,
Let mee at *Cæſars* feet fall down and dye.
Beſides this Royal Game the woods afford,
VVith other Quarries they are alwaies ſtor'd.
And which the *Romans* call'd delicious fare,
In every Buſh we have the Light-foot Hare;
VVhich when we Venſon want, we do purſue,
VVith little Spot, and great *Melampo* too.
Among thoſe Oaks, whoſe arms ſo wide are ſpread,
Crayborn Lodge. The Lodge of great *Baſilius* ſhews his Head;
VVhere better Gueſts are now, than uſe to be
When Clubs were trump, and freedome ſlavery.
Here are fair Nymphs, with Shepherds too, and ſome
Sir George Carterers Family. That from the Royal Court, are hither come;
Leaving the town, for pleaſures of the field,
Such as the Court or City cannot yeild.

Nymphs and Swains then come away,
Make this all a Holiday;
Nimbly Dance, and merrily Sing,
'Till the Woods and Vallies ring;
Bring your Fruits, and bring your Poſies,
Bring your Chaplets made of Roſes;
There Celebrate your Rural Feaſts,
In honour of theſe New-come Gueſts;
And let all theſe Nymphs and Swains
Cry, welcome to the Arcadian *Plains.*

But

But heark, I think 'tis young *Ergaſto* calls,
Away, away, to the Grove of Nightingales;
Through yonder Glade let's follow him, for there
A Conſort of all ſinging Birds you'l hear;
And paſſing by, we heard in every buſh,
Conning their Notes, the Black-bird and the Thruſh.
When to this Grove of Muſick we were come,
Under a ſhady Beech we lay along;
Then from the Forreſt, and from ſeveral parts
Birds flocked hither, with right willing hearts:
And firſt the Lark, taking a ſpeedy wing,
To his great Maker did an Anthem ſing;
Next after him, the Black-Bird and the Stare,
Two better Counter-tenners never were;
But the ſhrill trebble ſung the little VVren,
And little Robin anſwered him agen;
To ſuch a pitch the Bulfinch rais'd his Note,
That bigger than his breſt, did ſeem his throat (Crow
And though grown hoarſe with ſcolding, yet the
How deep his baſe could reach, reſolv'd to ſhow;
Fain would the Owle have try'd her ut'moſt skill,
But *Philomel* deſir'd her to be ſtill;
For ſince that Cold, which in her feet ſhe had,
Although her skill be Good, her Voice is Bad:
And therefore Madge up to an Oake doth climb,
And nodding with her head, kept Sembrief time;

The harmony of Birds.

VVhil'ſt the great Bee to their Harmonious lays,
A ſoft ſweet ſtop, upon his Organ playes.
VVhen they had made an end, and all was hush,
Then *Philomel* vouchſafes to aſcend the Buſh;
And ſuch a ſweet and Heavenly tune began,
As made us all amaz'd, in ſilence ſtand;
Then ſtraight another, with a clearer ſtrain
Anſwer'd her killing Notes, when ſhe again,
VVith Notes more various than at firſt, replies,
And to her Rival, Victory denies:
VVhen they had ſung their Veſpers, we could hear
More from an inner Grove, that tuning were
Their little Pipes, who preſently did joyn,
And made a Conſort, more than half Divine;
And ſuch I think, as never any Men;
But from their pretty throats, ſhall hear agen.
Bleſt be theſe Groves, bleſt be theſe walks of ſhade,
May never more Sequeſtring Axe invade,
Your well extended arms, or ſpreading root,
Or cruel *Satyre* here again ſet foot;
But may you Grow, and ſtill more Verdant look,
Or if to Old Age, you at laſt muſt ſtoop;
O may theſe younger Plants grow up, and be
Delightful ſhades to our Poſterity;
Until both Names and Things, muſt all expire
In one Great Flame, and Funeral Fire.

FINIS.